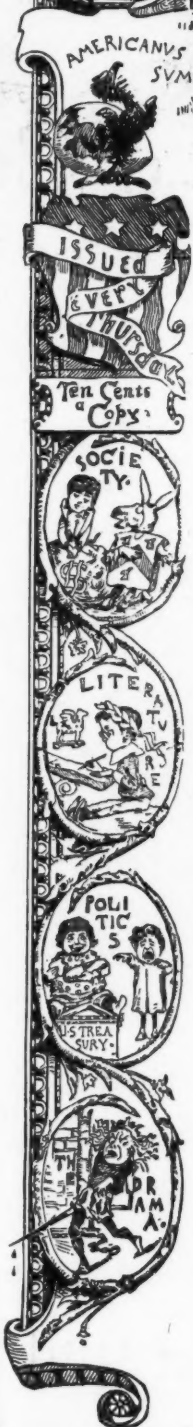
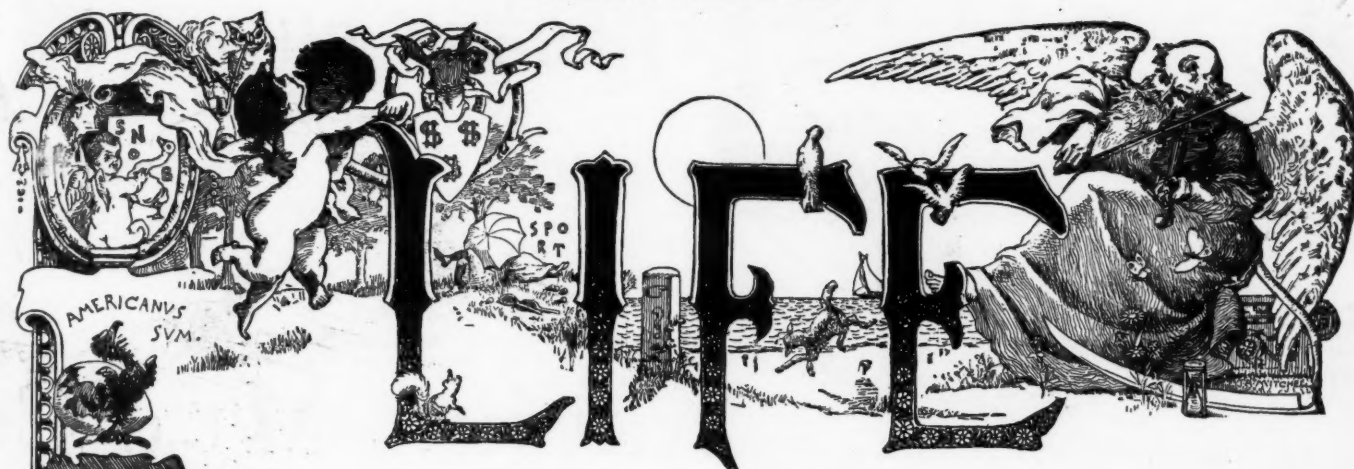


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AT LAST!

"WOULD YOU TAKE ME FOR AN ENERGETIC, IMAGINATIVE MAN?"

"OH, GEORGE; THIS IS SO SUDDEN!"

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Exclusively.



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Silversmiths,

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NEW YORK.



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Successors to

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**GREATEST VARIETY.  
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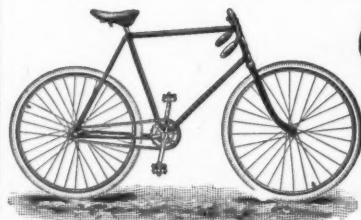
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String Ties, Shield Bows } **6 for 75c.**  
(Never sold for less than 35c. each.)

**NÉGLIGÉ SHIRTS**  
for Men and Boys,  
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Design, Material,  
Workmanship and Finish.

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is the most healthful and refreshing of drinks.  
**Imperial Beer** excels in flavor, color, body and  
digestive qualities. It is free from excess of gas  
and all deleterious admixtures. It promotes di-  
gestion and benefits the health. Connoisseurs  
say **Imperial** is "The Beer to Drink."

**Beadleston & Woerz, NEW YORK CITY,**

**Empire Brewery.**

Any First-class Grocer Will Supply You.

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UNDER THE ACT OF 1891.

## Stern Bros

Ladies',  
Misses'  
Men's and Boys'  
**Bathing Suits**  
Of Flannels, Moha  
Silk and Jersey

Also  
**Bath Robes,  
Bathing Shoes,  
Hats and Caps**  
at  
**Very Attractive Prices.**

**West 23d St**

## JUST SENTIMENT.



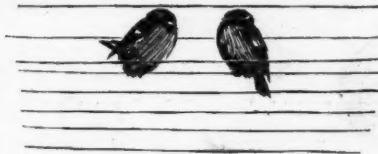
DR. JAMES MOORES BALL, of Keokuk, Iowa, is a strong advocate of human vivisection.

He says, among other things:

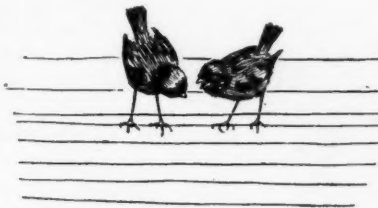
If the medical profession should not advocate human vivisection, who should? What are the valid objections to the proposition? There are none. Objections which may seem valid will be found, on investigation, to be merely sentimental statements, devoid of argument. To assert that human vivisection will not result in brilliant discoveries is unreasonable, because no one has had an opportunity to try experiments on living men and women. To say that the proposition is barbarous, un-Christian, and repulsive, simply shows that the emotional centers of the objector have been unduly developed at the expense of the reasoning faculties. It is not to be expected that people will at once embrace the proposition to turn living criminals into the hands of the physiologists. Sentiment, not reason, rules the world. As a people, the sentimental side of our make-up has had a rank and luxuriant growth; our neurotic tendencies, the rapid pace we are traveling in our several vocations, and the demands of modern social life, are all such as over-stimulate the emotional and dwarf the reasoning centers. In the discussion of this question, ridicule and sentiment will take the place of argument. \* \* \* Effeminate men and hysterical women will denounce human vivisection.

While this may not carry conviction to the great majority of Americans, it at least gives us a clear idea of Dr. James Moores Ball's conception of "effeminate men." They are the men who are hampered by sentiment. That includes the man who refuses to surrender the body of his dead wife to a medical

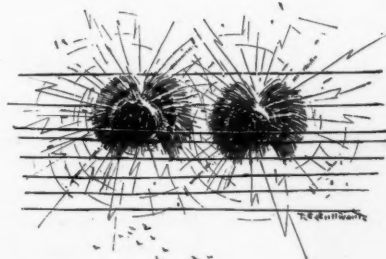
## OVER THE WIRE.



"THESE TELEGRAPH WIRES ARE CONVENTIENT THINGS, ARE THEY NOT?"



"YES, AND THESE MILD SHOCKS ARE PERHAPS RATHER BENEFICIAL THAN OTHERWISE—BUT—"



"GOOD LORDY! THIS MUST BE SOMETHING ABOUT THE INCOME TAX."



## HOW IT STARTED.

Mrs. Regan: I HEARD YER BROTHER, THE SPARRY COP, WAS UP THERE DOIN' STUNTS FOR ONE OF THE GORILLERS AS HAD THE GRIP.

Mrs. O'Toole: I HAIN'T A NAMIN' NO NAMES, BUT I'VE SEEN GORILLERS UP TO THE PARK AS WAS BETTER LOOKIN' THAN SOME PEOPLE I KNOWS ON.

college for purposes of class demonstration. It also includes the man who lays flowers on his daughter's grave. Dr. James Moores Ball may be right in his contempt for sentiment, and he may show the sincerity of his conviction by handing over his dying grandmother to the vivisectors, but we are afraid he is kicking against a very large thing.

If there were no sentiment in this world it would be a nastier place to live in than Dr. James Moores Ball's laboratory now is for an animal without friends.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

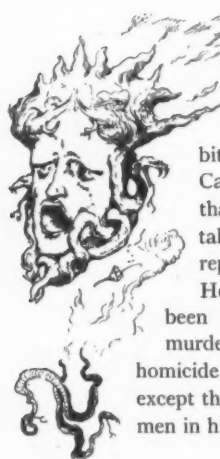
VOL. XXIV.

JULY 12, 1894.

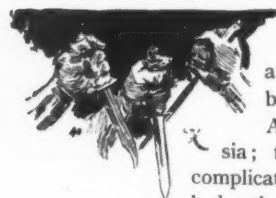
No. 602.

19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



THERE is little to be said about the murder of President Carnot. The assassination of Lincoln was the last mob outburst of sectional hate; the shooting of Garfield was the bitter fruit of fractionalism gone crazy; but Carnot stood for nothing more objectionable than mere government. Nothing explains his taking off. He was simply the foremost representative of law and order in France. He had not made enemies; his ambition had been regulated by a dignified patriotism. His murder seems as aimless and irresponsible as a homicide by a trolley-car. It suggests nothing except the necessity of new precautions to shield men in high office from the approach of madness.



IF assassins had any sense they would see the folly of political assassination and would abandon that business. The killing of the Czar Alexander stopped liberalism in Russia; the killing of Lincoln delayed and complicated reconstruction in the South. It is lucky that the immediate result of Carnot's taking off is likely to be nothing worse than an anarchist hunt all over Europe. It does not appear, at this writing, whether Carnot's assassin was an authorized anarchist or merely a mad Italian murdering on his own account. But by whatever hand the representative of government falls, the reckoning nowadays is likely to be with the enemies of all government and of all law. It is likely to be a hot summer for anarchists. It is a pity that there is not some infallible sign by which they can be detected. When Nature composed the snake she put a rattle in its tail. The worst of the anarchist is that his rattle seems to be in his head, and no one hears it until the creature has struck. No member of the human race should protest against the firm and invariable application of the heel to his head.



income tax, the attractions of the republican form of government may reasonably seem somewhat less enticing than usual, and the chance proportionately better that there may still be a throne in England when the new infant gets ready to sit on it.

THAT republics are a failure in this stage of the world's progress has by no means been demonstrated, but it is getting to be felt that the republican form of government will not run itself satisfactorily without close attention on the part of the governed, so that nations which have tolerably satisfactory governments at work for them already may feel somewhat less inclination than usual to change.

Anyhow, none of us worthy republicans feel a bit of spite toward the new Earl or wish him anything less agreeable than plenty of nourishment and sleep, and the ability to thrive on them.

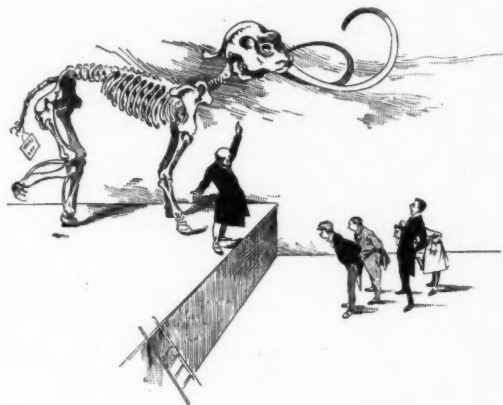


EVERY mail that comes from England makes it plainer that the greatest naval event since the *Kearsarge* sunk the *Alabama*, is the one that has been pulled off by Captain Mahan. It is universally agreed in England that his invention of the sea-power is the best thing for use in the navy that has been thought of in twenty years. Since John Sullivan, of Boston, visited England no American has been received there with anything like the enthusiasm that has greeted Mahan. Hurrah for Mahan! Bully for him! Let us go buy his books and read them and find out what they are all about, anyhow. A patriot can do no less, even if Admiral Erben is trying to make out that Captain Mahan is only a book sailor. In times of peace even book sailors have their uses, and if Captain Mahan has filled the British bosom with cordiality for the American navy, he has done a good work.

AN EVERY-DAY AFFAIR.



"OBSERVE THE CLUMSY STRUCTURE OF THE SKELETON."



ALTHOUGH THE HEAD IS COLOSSAL, HE POSSESSED NO MORE INTELLIGENCE THAN A FLY.



THIS USELESS, PONDEROUS CREATION——"

IT was the hour of the day when Broadway was crowded to its fullest capacity. The long line of pedestrians was filing by the brilliant shop windows as far as the eye could reach, some laughing gayly as they talked, others with an abstracted air, and yet others hurrying on in pursuit of some unknown object. Occasionally a messenger boy could be seen, but aside from this all was life and activity. Yet the student of human nature would have remarked that this activity was regular, mechanical and but the automatic action of this great artery of the metropolis. Suddenly a man darted out from the crowded thoroughfare above Union Square and rushed into the middle of the street waving his hat and shouting wildly. With uninterrupted speed he pursued his way in the direction of Thirty-third Street. A hasty glance showed that he was evidently a stranger in all that vast throng, and the citizens eyed him strangely as he frantically sped along, his motions every moment becoming more uncontrollable.

"Is he mad?" some of the people asked as he went on in his flight. Cries of "Stop him! Stop him!" became frequent, until at last, at the intersection of Thirtieth Street, breathless and exhausted, he turned around to find himself surrounded by a curious mob. One braver soul than the rest ventured to address the stranger.

"My good man," he said, "what means this? Have you gone crazy?" "Have I gone crazy?" echoed the other. "No sir!" and he pointed rapidly up the street. "Don't you see that cable car running away? Didn't you see helpless human beings knocked down, coupés torn to splinters, drivers hurled from their seats, death and destruction everywhere?"

A mocking laugh came from the assembled multitude, while the man he addressed gazed at him with a pitying smile. "We thought by the way you acted," he said, "that something unusual had happened."

*Tom Masson.*

A SOFTER RESTING PLACE.

MR. SOHMERBLUMEN: No, you don't want no sofa in de office, Ikey. A business man don't never lie down on a sofa.

IKEY: Vat does he lie down on, fadder?

MR. SOHMERBLUMEN: On his creditors, Ikey! on his creditors!



BUT THIS WAS TOO MUCH, EVEN FOR A DEAD MAMMOTH.

## OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$651.53	Richards & Heald.....	\$10.00
Proceeds of a Lawn Party at Portsmouth, N. H., by the following six little girls, Mollie Jenness, Florence Hill, Ruth and Margaret Laighton, Marguerite Berry and Beatrice Foster.....	25.50	From one who owes much to LIFE.....	5.00
Woolcott M.....	5.00	McLean Hospital Nurses....	6.00
D. U. Literary Society of Plainfield, N. J.....	5.00	A. P. G.....	25.00
		From a Farmington Girl....	15.00
		Id. Binghamton, N. Y.....	3.00
		From the Ortleby Fresh Air Fund.....	17.00
		Charlotte Leech.....	5.00
		Elsie and Brownie Blake....	5.00
		Total.....	\$773.03



## COUNTRY LIFE AND CITY LITERATURE.

TWO people of very different tastes in reading called my attention recently to a story in *Harper's*, entitled "A Kentucky Cardinal," by James Lane Allen. They both expressed that sort of enthusiasm, without critical comment, which showed that the reading of the tale had been a real pleasure—one of those hours that it is good to remember. It is comment of that kind, passed from man to man or woman, that has more to do with a writer's success than scores of book reviews or paid advertisements. The praise is absolutely disinterested, except for the natural pride that one feels in having discovered a good thing. That is why some one has said that if you can once get the women talking about your books your fortune is made.

To return to the "Kentucky Cardinal," I found in it far more than the pleasure of a good tale; it fascinated me as a bit of poetic writing, delicate, fanciful, and full of sentiment. Moreover, it was gentle and restful, and set me to thinking of the influence of the country on a man's style. I recalled a paragraph about the little white house on the turnpike in which the author lives, and thought I knew why his story had so much sympathy with birds and flowers in it. I don't believe that it is possible for a man who lives on a noisy street to write a tale like that. His nerves, by long titillation, respond to a different rhythm. His style snaps, or sparkles, or rumbles, but it never sings. A city writer becomes intensely interested in the passions which sway great bodies of men—ambition, avarice, malice, love, hate; but he has little ear for those poetic sentiments that are fostered by ease and quiet and a closer contact with nature than with man. You can always tell when a city man is the author of a so-called pastoral—it is filled with stock phrases from pastoral literature. He did not really see anything himself, but what he tried to observe of the country simply brought to his mind the phrases that he had absorbed in his city library.

On the other hand, when the genuine pastoral writer tries to do the complicated life of a city, he makes a similarly incongruous picture of city manners and customs out of the books that he has long cherished as true to urban reality.

AMONG recent novels of English country life there is one of considerable intensity by Beatrice Whitby, entitled

"Mary Fenwick's Daughter." The heroine, who is named *Bab*, for short, is one of those new-type English girls who are called "hoydenish" by their fellow-countrymen—but a live American girl would call them "fresh."

The only other reflection awakened by the novel is that the English novelist would have to close up business if he did not have India as a place to send his hero to when rejected, and bring him home from, in the nick of time, to get the girl on the rebound when the other fellow gives her the slip.

American novelists have long used the great West as an equally valued retreat for baffled affection. If the income of the hero or heroine is more than \$5,000 a year, our novelists vary the treatment by sending them "abroad."

*Droch.*

## NEW BOOKS.

*MAN AND WOMAN.* By Havelock Ellis. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

*Redeemed.* By C. R. B. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

*The Dissolution.* By Ritter Dandelyon. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

*Yale Wit and Humor.* Arranged and Edited by Edwin Ruthven Lamson, '93. New Haven: Published by the Editor.

*The Upper Berth.* By F. Marion Crawford. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*The Damascus Road.* By Leon de Tinseau. Translated by Florence Belknap Gilmour. New York: George H. Richmond and Company.

*Out of Bohemia.* By Gertrude Christian Fosdick. New York: George H. Richmond and Company.

*The Rich Miss Riddell.* By Dorothea Gerard. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

*The Century Magazine.* Volume XLVII, November, 1893—April, 1894. New York: The Century Company.

*Roger Williams.* By Oscar Strauss. New York: The Century Company.

*The Jungle Book.* By Rudyard Kipling. New York: The Century Company.

## PROPERLY LISTED.

AUTHOR: Why do you catalogue my novel in your list of medical books?

PUBLISHER: Because it has proved itself to be a sure cure for insomnia.



## FORCE OF HABIT.

*Ghost of Rambling Rupert:* I BEG YER PARDON, SIR, BUT HEV YE GOT THE PRICE OF A BIER ABOUT YOU?





*The Poet:* YOU SEE, I DON'T WANT IT KNOWN THAT I AM A POET.

*She:* BUT THAT IS NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULDN'T SIGN YOUR NAME TO IT.



## A HELPING HAND.

"MISS SMITH, I DASSENT LOOK AT YER, BUT I'VE GOT SUTHIN' TO SAY TO YER!"

"WHAT IS IT, MISTER BROWN?"

"IF I SQUEEZE YER HAND WUNST IT MEANS I LUV YER, IF I SQUEEZE IT TWICET, IT MEANS DOES YER LUV ME, AN' IF I SQUEEZE IT T'REE TIMES IT MEANS—(PAUSE) WILL YER MARRY ME?"

## NOT GOOD.

FOUR little queens to me were dealt,  
With which the game to win,  
And just imagine how I felt  
When every one stayed in.

Four little queens. Oh, Mistress Fate,  
How longed I to rebuke her,  
For sadly here, I wish to state,  
That we were playing euchre.

Tom Masson.

## A GOOD REASON WHY.

WOULD-BE-CONTRIBUTOR (at editor's desk):  
Here's a joke, Mr. Editor, that I'll guarantee was  
never in print before.

EDITOR (after reading it): Don't doubt your word in  
the least, sir.



"AND so you are a member of the American Railway Union?"

"Yes."

"Permit LIFE to congratulate you. We have almost as much admiration for you as for assassin Santo and his anarchistic associates."

"But I don't deserve to be classed with such people. I earn my living by labor."

"LIFE thinks you do deserve to be so classed. So long as you labor and obey the law, or if you strike and still obey the law, you have the same respect that LIFE gives to every good citizen. But when you overstep this limit, when you interfere with any other workingman who is willing to take the work and pay that you reject, when you destroy property, when you endanger or sacrifice human lives, you place yourself at once in the same category with the anarchists."

"But we were ordered out by the labor union. Where would we be to-day if it had not been for the labor unions of the past?"

"Probably the victims of greed and avarice, as workingmen were in former times. LIFE gives full credit to the unions for what they have done for the cause of labor, when workingmen ran the unions. But to-day, the organization that was your best friend has become your worst enemy, and not only your enemy but the enemy of law and order and of the whole social fabric."

"How do you make that out?"

"Simply through your blind, asinine devotion to unions which are run by professional agitators. Simply because if you are ordered to strike, you strike, regardless of whether your striking is just or unjust, wise or foolish, and especially regardless of the disorder and lawlessness which are now-days invariably the result of strikes."

"But it rests with us to say whether we shall strike or not."

"LIFE begs your pardon. Theoretically it may rest on



A TRAINED NURSE.



your vote, but you know that in fact, you have as much to say about it as a Russian peasant about the emperor's breakfast."

"Who does then?"

"That tyranny you have created for yourself and which is embodied in the Walking Delegate, or whatever you call him."

"He acts only in our interest."

"Sometimes. But as he represents a mighty cause so also he wields a mighty power for which you do not make him sufficiently responsible. As a rule he is an ignorant and lazy individual not so good a workman as yourself and who fears he will not seem to you to earn his pay unless he keeps you in constant hot water. In the present case what are you to gain if the strike succeeds? You have gone out without a grievance. You have caused unlimited annoyance to a lot of people who don't know any more about the causes of this strike than you do yourself."

"But I do know. We want to show Pullman and the others that when members of the American Railway Union ask for anything they are going to get it, if we have to tie up every railway in the country."

"In other words, you are simply anarchists. You are not going to let other property owners enjoy their property or the public at large enjoy the convenience of modern invention simply because some Illinois laborer doesn't receive as much pay as he thinks he deserves."

"That's about it."

"Well, Mr. American Railway Unionist, take LIFE's word for one thing. You have assumed a bigger contract than you are able to carry out. The Pullman men's cause may be thrice just—which we understand is decidedly not so—but there are too many American citizens who do not belong to your order to be held up by the throat in any



A PROBLEM SOLVED.



"SHACOB, VAT VAS IT YOU STUDY?"

"READING, WRIDING AND 'RITHMETIC."

"CAN YOU TELL ME VOT VAS TWO AND TWO?"

"SIX."

"SIX! NO, DAT IS NOT RIGHT."

"I KNOW; BUT I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULD BEAT ME DOWN."

such manner as you have adopted. LIFE's sincere advice to you is to take your walking delegates, or whatever you may call the men who have got you into the present mess, and convey them into some quiet spot where their cries will not be heard when you give them the booting they deserve for having caused you to make an ass of yourself."

*Metcalfe.*

#### THE FOUNDATION FOR IT.

**FANNING:** Great Scott! You a ladykiller!

**MANNING:** Yes. Why, a lady on the street ran up to-day, kissed me, and then cried because I was not her husband.

#### MIGHT HURT BUSINESS.

**STRANGER:** Why don't your city officials supply you with better water?

**RESIDENT** (*apologetically*): Well, you see most of them sell beer.

Daubon Paint, the celebrated artist, will spend the summer in the mountains, where he has several large orders to fill.

USE LITTLE

Count Plowowski, who was such a favorite here last winter, has decided to spend the summer at some one of our large resorts. He will engage in some business suitable to his tastes.

BOOTS  
BLACKED  
HERE

Sinclair Biffany will summer at Lord's Hotel, Saratoga. He will combine business with pleasure.

Mr. G. Manley Reins will stay on his elegant stock farm this summer, where he can keep an eye on his renowned thoroughbreds.

Ceres: Boys, this was a horn of plenty, but I'm done for now.

EFFECT OF THE HARD TIMES UPON

Mr. and Mrs. J. Topleigh Mortimer will spend the summer on their handsome yacht "The Stay There."



G. Madison Banks, of coaching fame, will do a deal of driving, mostly between Hard port and the suburbs.



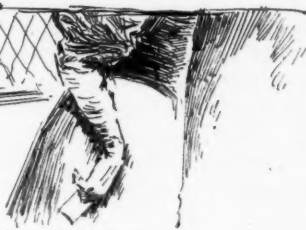
R. Hammerless Gunn will pass the season where the game is most abundant.



Signor and Mrs. Bawli, who gave such delightful musicales last winter, will "do" the different summer resorts.



Mr. Percy Brown will tramp it through New England. He expects to lose a good deal of flesh thereby.



Mrs. B. Gustavus Swan Neck will go abroad. She will not take her jewels with her.



Kemble 74

a of plenty, but I'm afraid it is

TIMES UPON SOME OF OUR FRIENDS.



## NO PRODIGY.



"OH, no, that boy of mine is no infant prodigy," freely admitted Prospect Heights in answer to a remark from another man over the billiard table at the Pierpont Club.

"No?" ejaculated Fulton Trolley, incredulously.

"No, not by any manner of means," reiterated Prospect Heights firmly.

"By Jove! What a remarkable youngster he must be!" struck in Jack Montague, as he finished his brilliant run of six points by counting off nine on the string.

"How many languages does he speak?" asked Fulton Trolley, interestedly chalking his cue.

"None; he's only seven months old," explained Prospect Heights. "When he wants anything he simply gives a grunt and points at it—same as Montague."

"And like Montague, when he wants a thing he generally gets it, I suppose?" returned that individual calmly. "Pity he's too young to know what a snap he has in not being married."

"Oh, e-r, yes—as I was saying, he's no infant prodigy," went on Prospect Heights with a slightly embarrassed air. "But he is certainly quite remarkable in some respects. When my wife has him out and meets another woman with a child in her arms, she always gets to comparing notes with her. Near as I can find out women talk 'baby' just about the same as men talk 'horse.'"

"Never get to the trading point though, do they?" chuckled Montague, as he carefully nursed the balls into a corner.

"No, sir," replied Prospect Heights with pitying contempt. "They simply take it out in talking and discussing the fine points of their offspring. And my wife tells me that in all the comparisons she has made of our youngster with infants of different ages, sexes, colors and weights, she has never seen any other baby fit to hold a candle to him. She says he has more spunk and more hair and teeth than any other child of his age in Brooklyn. He's stronger and healthier than most of them at a year or fourteen months. Why, his idea of taking a ride in his baby carriage is to get out and push it himself, if the nurse would let him."

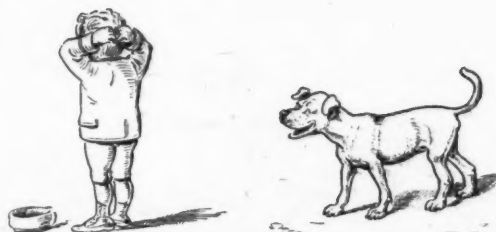
"Your shot, Heights," observed Montague a little wearily.

"Oh," responded Prospect Heights, absently, as he missed an easy draw, and continued his description enthusiastically. "But, as I was saying, you've no idea how strong the little beggar is. He fairly astonishes me sometimes. When I came home the other day, I found him playing with the unabridged dictionary. He had pulled the thing off the table on to the floor, and when I entered the room he was trying to get it back on the table again. I think he'd have done it too, if I hadn't stopped him. I was afraid he would strain himself lifting such a weight."

"I suppose you'll swear to that?" asked Fulton Trolley.

"On the dictionary?" added Jack.

"On anything!" said Prospect Heights defiantly. "But I can



The Dog: I'LL FRIGHTEN THE LIFE OUT OF THAT KID.



"WHAT'ER MATTER, DOGGY?"

tell you something more wonderful than that. You know, he's too young to put by himself in a cradle yet, so he sleeps between my wife and me in our bed. Well, what do you think that young rascal does now. He wakes up every night and kicks the clothes off the bed. Completely off the bed and on to the floor, sir! And then he lies there and grins as if it was the biggest joke in the world to see me get up and chassay around in the cold trying to get those clothes back into place again. Oh, he's a terror, I can tell you!"

"And how old is he?" asked Montague.

"Seven months."

"Then, you're a very lucky man, Heights," said Fulton Trolley, solemnly, "for I consider you've had an extremely narrow escape from being the father of An Infant Prodigy!"

Harry Romaine.



ABLE TO COLLECT.

"YOU SEEM IN GOOD HUMOR, OLD MAN."

"YES. I'VE JUST WON A BET FROM MY WIFE."

"POOH, SHE WON'T PAY IT."

"YES SHE WILL. I BET HER THREE NIGHTS OFF, NEXT MONTH, AGAINST A DOZEN ORANGE SPOONS."

LIGHT FROM THE OUTSIDE.

AMERICANS have been realizing of late that their National Congress in its present development is a dangerous luxury. The toy pistol is nothing to it. The toy pistol maims or kills but one individual at a time, whereas Congress not only paralyzes the trade, commerce and financial prosperity of an entire continent, but sits on them and keeps them down for an indefinite period.

It is a conundrum how so many vacillating, irresponsible and unbusinesslike persons happen to herd together at one time under the dome of the capitol, and we are glad to see a clever outsider has thrown a little light on the subject. The following is from "An Australian's Impressions of America," by Miss C. H. Spence, in the July number of *Harper's Magazine*:

Nowhere in the world has a single profession—that of law—taken the preponderance it has in American legislatures. Of eighty-five Senators in session, fifty-eight, or more than two-thirds, are lawyers; of three hundred and fifty-six Representatives, two hundred and twenty-nine, or close on two-thirds, are of the same profession. I cannot but look on this preponderance as obstructive to all reform. The second or third rate lawyers, to whom a political career is tempting, are somewhat hide-bound and technical, and America needs radical reforms. If any good idea

is proposed to be enacted, the cry that it is unconstitutional springs up and chokes it. Besides, lawyers are the most serviceable tools which the mighty corporations, rings and trusts can employ. They are more valuable in the Senate and in the House than the men actually interested could be themselves. The vested interests which legislation can further or check are well known to be cared for by skilled deputies in both Houses.

It appears a most inadequate representation of the great industries, agricultural, manufacturing, commercial, practical and ingenious people to have one-third of its legislators to represent all these varied activities, and two-thirds to represent law. And, by a curious paradox, the actual laws of the country are worse carried out than in other communities where lawyers furnish a moderate percentage of the law-makers.

WANTED NO INTERFERENCE.

MRS. DE FASHION (to her new Chinese cook): John, why do the Chinese bind the feet of their women?

JOHN: So they not trottee 'round kitchen and botheree cook.

CUPID CLEARED OF THEFT.

"WAS that you, sir, who stole a kiss from my daughter in that tunnel?"

"No. On the contrary, some one got one from me."



### THE OLD, OLD SORROW.

HE clapped his hand upon his breast!  
"What is it John?" his wife cried. "Speak!"  
And John in faltering voice confessed

That the letter she had given him with instructions to mail at once, as it was of the utmost importance, and he had promised so faithfully he would drop in the letter box as he passed the post-office on his way down-town, had been forgotten until this moment, and he was very sorry to say he had been carrying it in

His inside pocket for a week.

—Chicago Tribune.

ETHEL: Oh, Tom, what a pity it is you are not rich! They say that some of those millionaires don't dare to leave the house for days at a time, because they receive threatening letters saying that something dreadful will happen to them if they don't pay the writer sums of money.

TOM HARDUP: Pooh! Why, I get plenty of just such letters.—Harper's Bazar.

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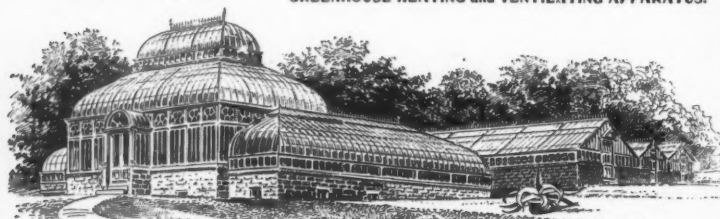
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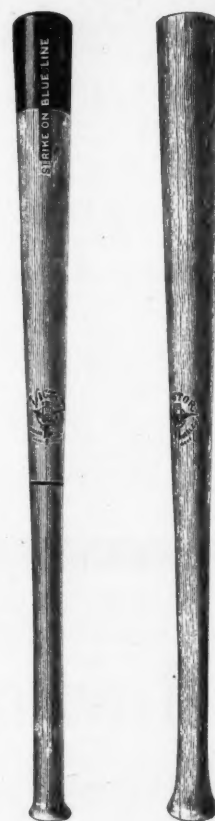


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THE big gong which once called "Front" to the hotel counter is going out of date. It made too much noise. The clerks find it more convenient to call a boy by tapping with a pencil or giving a low whistle. A young man who was evidently unacquainted with the new methods came into the big hotel and said to the clerk: "I wish to send a card up to Mrs. Ferguson's room."

The clerk glanced at him in a tired sort of way and softly gave a drawn out whistle.

The young man flushed up and looked with surprise at the clerk, who was entirely unconcerned.

"She is my sister," said the young man with considerable dignity.

Another whistle.

"Confound you, sir, don't you believe me? Your conduct is very strange."

"I beg your pardon. I was calling the boy. Here, chase this card up to 342."—*Chicago Record.*

"DICK DASHER," of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, has a contemptible opinion of western whisky, and gives reason for his aversion. It was at Leadville that a tenderfoot once came in and asked for a whisky. He was passed a bottle and a glass. Then, to his surprise, the bartender placed a small whisk broom by the side of the bottle. Of course he was puzzled, but he poured out his drink and drank it slowly, unwilling to profess ignorance in the ways of the wild West, and thinking that some person might come to his rescue. The door opened, and he saw the man who saved him. A big, burly fellow, bristling with revolvers and bowie knives, stepped in the door and, going up to the bar, ordered whisky in a voice that seemed to come from somewhere below the cellar. A bottle and a

glass was passed to him, and, as before, a whisk broom was added to the lay out. The tenderfoot watched the man carefully. He poured out a good-sized glassful, then, after gulping it down, quietly picked up the whisk broom and, going over to a corner of the room, brushed away the sand from a portion of the floor. He then lay down and had a fit.—*Troy Times.*

SERVING on a jury is a disagreeable duty, from which the ordinary man always seeks to be excused. Not long ago, in an Omaha court, Mr. John Doe was called, and, after giving his name, asked to be excused.

"What excuse have you?" asked the judge, sternly.

"Hey?" asked Mr. Doe. "You'll have to speak louder, judge."

The question was repeated, and Mr. Doe replied, "Well, judge, I'm hard of hearing, and I'm afraid it would be useless for me to try to serve."

"Can you hear an ordinary conversational tone?" asked the judge.

"Hey?" exclaimed Doe, placing his hand behind his ear.

"I say, can you hear an ordinary conversational tone?" asked the judge, pitching his voice a little higher.

"Well, it bothers me a great deal," replied Doe.

"Then," said the judge, in a low tone of voice, we'll have to excuse you if you can't hear well."

Low as the tone was, Mr. Doe heard it, and he started away with a pleasant smile on his face.

"Wait, Mr. Doe," said the judge, quickly. "If you can hear that, you can hear well enough to serve as a juror. We cannot excuse you."

And John Doe collapsed and fell into the nearest chair.—*Golden Days.*

"MARTHA, dost thou love me?" said a young Quaker.

"Why, Seth, we are commanded to love each other."

"Ah, Martha, but dost thou feel what the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow my love upon all, but I have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thou wast getting more than thy share."—*Exchange.*

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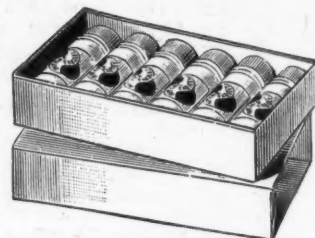
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